

The **QUILL**



JANUARY, 1919

The Supreme Sacrifice

LESLIE ORLAND TOOZE (Oregon, '16) was killed in France by a German sniper, September 28, 1918. He and his twin brother, Lamar, were lieutenants in the same command, and went overseas with the 91st Division, from Camp Lewis, Wash. They entered Harvard Law School together, after graduating from Oregon, and there Leslie received the Beals prize for the best brief prepared by a first-year student. Leslie Tooze was one of the most prominent and popular men who ever attended the University of Oregon. He was a member of Sigma Delta Chi, Beta Theta Pi and Alpha Kappa Psi fraternities; and served as assistant editor of The Emerald, circulation manager of the year book, manager of the Glee Club, and member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet and the Student Council.

LAWRENCE C. YERGES (Ohio '15) died in France, October 24, 1918, from wounds received in action. He was a corporal of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion of the 26th Division, in which he had enlisted in August, 1917. He had been in the front line trenches for over a year, participating in fighting at Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel. He was a member of Sigma Delta Chi, Delta Upsilon and Sphinx; editor and business manager of The Makio in 1914, and circulation manager of The Lantern in 1914-15.

HOMER ROLAND (Iowa) former managing editor of The Daily Iowan, died of tuberculosis in Paris, France, December 24, 1918. Two years ago he was one of the most prominent men in the University of Iowa, and member of many campus organizations, including the social fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega. He enlisted last year, and served on the staff of The Stars and Stripes.

LIEUT. D. J. EWING (Louisiana) was killed in action in France last summer.

WAYNE WILSON (Kansas) died last fall at Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, S. C., where he was a student in the tank corps training school.

THE QUILL

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NUMBER 2

A New Theory of Journalism

The Golden Age for Writers Lies Just Ahead, and Here's a New Opportunity, a New Ideal, and a New Method

By William Tyler Miller (formerly Wilhelm Miller)

Sometime Managing Editor of Country Life in America, Landscape Architect of Detroit, Author of "What England Can Teach Us About Gardening," Etc.

I LIKE a preposterous title like the above. To a sceptical profession, which loathes the word "journalism," such a string of insults is nothing less than a challenge to mortal combat. You remember how Mowgli cut off the red dog's tail and flung it to the pack to make sure that his enemies would never leave his trail until the bitter end. You will snort that my news is old stuff, but I will tumble you over the cliffs into the river. You will shout that my theory is full of blowholes, but I declare that it is like pecky cypress—good for a century of service while your finer woods are rotting under water. You will grunt that my method is no method, but your conscience will rise up like a swarm of bees and either kill you or sting you into a new life.

* * *

Some start, eh? But since we are sworn enemies and the pistols are on the way, we might as well enjoy the coffee too. So let's shake hands like gentlemen, light a weed and get down to business. For, if I am to convince you, I can't begin with heresies, however I may end. So I will start right off by conceding what you are all telling one another, viz., that if President Wilson succeeds in laying the foundations of the republic of the world, the twentieth century will have only one watchword and that is—Nationalism.

Hey? What's that? I an upstart? Who gave me permission to speak for the writing profession? Ah, my conservative friend, you've put your finger on the one big defect in my scheme. It will work only for men of one kind of temperament, viz., the progressive. To men of your kidney everything that I say will be palpably wrong and of insufferable taste. Therefore, I advise you not to get all het up by reading any more of this. You will get nothing out of it, not even the joy of holding some one up to scorn and ridicule. Go your way and be happy. Write like Ham Mabie if you want to, or C. D. Warner, or N. P. Willis, or any other darling of his day, and be promptly forgotten at your demise. Play safe. Be respectable. Lecture to women's clubs. Get the coin. Receive the homage. And eventually—fertilize the soil. Heaven forbid that I should ever try to change a conservative! It is another breed of men I am talking to!

As to opportunity, then, I needn't argue with you young fellows who have the vision. The dear public doesn't rea-

lize that democracy is to be tried for the first time; you do. The chamber of commerce never suspects that democracy is to be tried in business, but you can shove the stuff onto the front page under the boss's nose and make him think it's his own idea. In the bad old days the only way a writer could make anything was to turn business man. In the new days you stand to win either way. Never was there such a chance to help make a new and better world! This is no come-on stuff for a correspondence course in journalism. You are preaching it yourself, and believing it too. You know in your heart of hearts that good faithful fellows won't be cast away like sucked lemons when you get your say about running a newspaper. So I needn't whoop up the golden age. You really believe it lies right ahead. Think of what the world gained by the French Revolution! And what a paltry little mess that was compared with the tidal wave on which we are about to ride!

So much for age and opportunity, now for the ideal. I will concede what you say about democracy being old stuff, so far as ideals are concerned, but you must admit that nationalism is practically brand new. Why, ever since Marx's time the socialists have been preaching that nationalism is mere blind loyalty to a geographic section and swearing that the brotherhood of mankind is the one glory to strive for. And in August, 1914, half the world laid down its newspaper in disgust and exclaimed, "See what nationalism has come to—a war like this which threatens to wreck civilization." Now (I am writing in December, 1918), the allied and enemy governments are all committed to President Wilson's fourteen points and the sole unity underlying them is this same idea of nationalism for which America, apparently, never used to care a pin. Strong language, doubtless, but you know what your dad's generation used to say (Marse Henry and all your blessed idols), "We have no American character. We're too young. We're after the dollar. We have no national style of architecture or anything else. You must wait hundreds of years for that sort of thing."

Why, hundreds? Why not now? Here we have the world powers absolutely determined to play this game of nationalism to the limit. We shall see forty little races, tribes, and neighborhoods expanding their souls and throbbing into song. There is absolutely nothing under heaven that can stop this sort of dithy-

rambic thing. The world's blood and money wasn't spent for nothing and the one thing the big nations have all agreed to buy with it is nationalism. You may not like it but we have to face facts and the U. S. A. is going to get the biggest and stiffest dose of all, with Woodrow Wilson's "New Nationalism" as its bible and 100,000,000 Americans in a joy parade that may last until 1999—or longer.

And another fact you can't blink is that nearly 2,000,000 of our soldier boys are going to run after this new nationalism stuff like hot dogs at midnight. In addition to all that war taught them they learned two things from Europe which they would never have got at home—respect for permanence and love of beauty. They certainly have gloated over those chateaux and country homes. And when their troop ships anchor in the lower bay and they have worked the wire edge off the joy of home-coming the fog will lift and show them what a sell American architecture is. If you have looked upon any Staten Island suburb built of wood, you must admit that it is 30 cts. compared with the stone and brick of Europe—to say nothing of the beauty and the national style of architecture which our boys have seen everywhere in France and England.

There is only one absolute dead-give-away which every age, race, and people makes of its inmost soul and that is architecture. As to painting, poetry, and music "and all that sort of rot" your successful old-time American business man prides himself on knowing nothing, but when it comes to the building trades, why that's business! Any fool knows we have to have buildings. And they cost a powerful sight of money. When it comes to economy, efficiency "and etc.," as Ring Lardner says, your dad's newest sky scraper or store is a perfect corker. But quail, now! You know he's on the board of directors of the First National, and the bank's going to be an imitation Greek temple. You bet it is because your dad knows what's old and respectable. But he doesn't know what's new and national! That's why he voted against that design of Louis Sullivan's. And so would you vote against a plan by Purcell and Elmslie or Drummond. You never heard of them or of Von Holst or Robert C. Spencer. You have heard of Frank Lloyd Wright, but only because he was on the front page for other reasons. You don't realize that your standards were out of date the day you graduated. The world

is moving too fast for you and you wouldn't recognize or enjoy anything new or national in architecture, until good old Doc. Miller operated on you for cataract!

Listen, young man, can you tell me why in the name of Heaven, a bank or a home should look like a temple? Is there any earthly reason why a bank shouldn't look like a bank and a home like a home?

The only reason why all banks are fake temples is that the Greeks did their job too well. When they were young they invented all the fine arts and created a national style of everything. We have simply copied the letter and missed the spirit. For our climate and living conditions the Greek tradition is one "complete, round and total" misfit, if I may paraphrase Bunner's remark about one Vincent Egg.

"Old stuff," you say, "I read all that in sem. days in my little old Laocoon by one G. E. Lessing."

I congratulate you. I'm glad you took your aesthetics under F. N. Scott, or the equivalent, if there is any. I'm glad you laid a sure foundation for an appreciation of all the fine arts. That's just what the boys don't get in the schools that make journalism merely a trade. Lee White reminds me that you have a perfect Theory of Art, but it doesn't help you judge a picture or recognize a genius. And besides, he says, you hate the art cant, and fear the highbrows. Why, boys, that's just what's been the matter with art all along—the false economic basis that permits geniuses to starve and then canonizes them. We are going to change all that. That autocratic, Prussian attitude of the oldtime art authority is precisely the thing you will prick and burst. You are the boys who are going to democratize art, and make it the whole of life, as it was in the ever-glorious age of Pericles—the one time when folks really lived.

Now you understand why I scorn to make a "plea for art." The only plea I can utter is a prayer for your soul if you can't see what's coming. The terrible tank is roaring down the high-walled lane and we must get on its back and ride or be flattened to a stiff jell. No power under Heaven can turn back this universal passion for nationalism. The mills of the gods ground exceeding slow in Egypt and Babylonia; the essence of China distilled drop by drop; but English civilization began the first day a Norman king married a Saxon princess and in one generation you had your Chaucer and your English language. In Athens, a town smaller than Detroit before the automobile industry struck it, everybody knew Pegasus, for he was on the streets daily and the newsboys fed him sugar. To-day our motors are racing madly in their desire to be on the real road of life. Are you with us? Or are you going to stay in the garage? Hop in, then! Yes, we'll wait, till you get your Jowett, but leave Aristotle behind!

Soberly, you know as well as I that there are only two things, broadly speaking, on which civilization has ever been able to spend the heaped up treasures of the ages—dissipation and art. There are blowholes in that classification also, but your conscience tells you that it will stand the acid test of history. Call the things what you like, ephemeral and destructive or enduring and constructive. Names and classifications are nothing; the soul is everything. The Greeks said that life was all summed up in seven things—architecture, sculpture, paint-

ing, music, poetry, tragedy and comedy. Today we say eight—architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, literature, drama, and landscape architecture. Tomorrow we may add the movies.

Joking? There you go again with your out-of-date standards. What do I call a modern standard? Well, if you really want an open sesame to the new wonder-world read "The Art of the Moving Picture," by Vachel Lindsay (Vachel rhymes with Rachel). What, that prairie poet who came around here chanting Salvation Army stuff and fireman's ball and the apotheosis of the negro race? Yes, that's the fellow. You sent your baseball reporter to cover him. The chapter you are to read is "Architects as Crusaders." Art never touched the millions, Lindsay says, until they saw those Panama-Pacific Exposition films. And the people ask to have these come back. So the United States is to become like one great permanent World's Fair. The architects are to appoint a board of strategy to eat with the scenario writers, producers and owners. Date to begin erection, 1930. Period of design, 1919 to 1925. Period of movie propaganda and finance, 1926 to 1929 inclusive. It is to laugh? Remember that "sprawling Chicago in 1893 achieved the White City?" Mark my words, Lindsay is a prophet. Read his stuff. If you can't see it, go and see him. Go to Springfield, Ill. Or, if you have one shock-proof millionaire in town get him to put up the price of one of Lindsay's readings. But don't let the millionaire entertain him. Take him into your flat. Then you will discover that there is nothing nutty about Lindsay. He knows a hawk from a handsaw as well as any banker or political boss you ever saw.

"Now," says the editor, "you've told us that nationalism in all the fine arts is the ideal and democracy the method, but our boys need lots of illustrations. They have the theory, but it doesn't help them to recognize a good painting in time to keep the genius from starving. Lindsay is one touchstone that will enable some of us to recognize and enjoy the new and national. Give us others. Run through the list of fine arts and tell us some who have toiled until the eleventh hour in the field of Americanism and some who have lately come to the vineyard."

Well, take Sculpture. Take Lorado Taft. You have pictured his "Fountain of The Great Lakes" in your magazine section and "His Fountain of Time." Go to his studio. Send in your application for non-resident membership in the Cliff Dwellers. See the concrete statue of Black Hawk. Visit the artists' colony at Oregon, Ill. Write it up in your way.

Take Painting. There as you know we've already made a big start. In landscape painting America really shines. You know our famous men. But that stuff of forcing Americans to paint European scenery to sell to American pork packers is on the chute and you can help kick its carcass over the edge. Go to Peyraud's studio and meet the lovely old Frenchman who came to Chicago to paint the prairie. Buy Earl Reed's "Voices of the Dunes" and put it under your pillow. Go to any big exhibition and witness the triumph of our new Grand Canyon school. Then compare the work of these desert painters with any of those colossal canvases of the old Hudson River group and you will smite your thigh with joy.

Take Architecture. Chicago is not the only progressive place. My own home town is going to be as interesting as Athens or Jerusalem or Oxford. If you don't believe it come to Detroit and

I'll drive you to the Indian Village and let you see the works of Albert Kahn, Smith, Hinchman, and Grylls, Will Stratton, Walter MacFarlane, Howard Crane, and other forward-looking men.

Music? I don't know. All I can see is the blight of Teutonism. You boys know what the dear public doesn't, that German has been the official language of the musicians' unions and orchestra recitals. You know the gall and bitterness of the poor devil composer who has had to pay the savings of a life-time to get a single performance of his American symphony. It makes me furious. I don't want to hear any German music for two years. And I say this in no rancorous or revengeful spirit. My soul is thirsting for American music—the kind the boys design in the woods of New Hampshire. Write Mrs. MacDowell. Ask Ross Cole.

Poetry? Well, I can see Lindsay and Masters. I can see some of the free verse. There's lots of good American war poetry. I can see Lincoln Colcord. His stuff doesn't read to me like an imitation of Whitman. It's a natural style of writing that you and I could do—free, easy, strong. Read "The New Verse," an anthology, by Harriet Monroe.

Drama? Now you boys mustn't push me too hard. I don't go to shows much. When things go wrong I crawl into bed and open a volume of Shaw. But the one-act play is the democratic thing and I am intensely interested in outdoor theatres—not so much the pretentious kind that is on display one day in the year and abandoned the rest of the time. I like the little home-sized players' greens that are part of the shrubbery border when not serving as an antidote for the movies. I like The Three Bears on the roof of Jake Riis' house—impromptu acting by the children, without scenery, which comes right after the story is told by a parent or teacher. You boys can write that stuff to develop the dramatic instinct in every city and country home.

Literature? Say, you fellows can answer that better than I. I like Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border." I like any good writer who cares as much for American local color as Hawthorne, Harte, Cable, Thanet, Fox, Uncle Remus, Craddock, O. Henry, A. H. Lewis, Alice Brown, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Helen Martin, Bessie Hoover, Edna Ferber, Montague Glass, George Ade, William Allen White. Of course, local color is nothing without design, but every bit of American color helps in the cause of Americanism. And the greatest writing of all is the citizens' oath that you will write for Emporia, Wichita, Medicine Hat, Rolling Prairie, Indian Mound, New York, and Boston. The Athenian oath will be nowhere.

Landscape Architecture? Well, city planning is the most important branch and we have men who can design garden cities equal to those of England. Olmsted is great in this line, and Bennett, the successor of Daniel Burnham. Manning is fine on estates, and so are many others. Frank Waugh is original. Simonds has done much elegant work about Chicago. But the genius whose work I enjoy most is Jens Jensen, author of the Prairie River Restoration in Humboldt Park, Chicago, and of the famous landscapes under glass at Garfield Park, which are restorations of Chicago scenery when Illinois was tropical. He seems to me like Thoreau and Whitman—the most American of them all.

But why go on? The more names I mention the more I omit and the sorer

(Concluded on page seven)

The Journalistic Heritage of the War

By Malcolm W. Bingay

Managing Editor of The Detroit News

THE world seems to have caught up with its kings and now takes on the task of making itself over.

This upsetting and remolding cannot but have a profound effect on the people of America. The education of a thousand years has been crammed into the mass mind of our people in four years. They are pondering on problems today that they did not know existed before the war. These thoughts stir all civilization at its base and what they will lead to no man knows.

The signing of the armistice a little while ago brought forth a frenzy of celebration all over the nation. For what? Peace! But there is no peace. Peace is a state of mind. The guns on the western front may be stilled, but the mental tumult goes on.

We face an era without precedent in the world's history, and history is the only laboratory in which man may delve in research work to learn his ultimate destiny. We sail uncharted seas in the fogs and mists of doubt. With the political and economic systems of yesterday which were our guide repudiated and cast aside, we have one light left to help us—the moral law. In an age of crass materialism we have too often forgotten the Sermon on the Mount. With institutions toppling around us and the myriad of problems confusing and sometimes misleading the people, we must now more than ever give voice to the philosophy of eternal right. It is the one anchor that will hold us to our moorings.

Therein lies a grave responsibility for the newspaper and the newspaperman.

Time was when the man who could read or write was looked upon as one notably above all the rest. Today the man who cannot read is something of a curiosity. The newspaper as we know it, with its millions of copies every day pouring into the homes of every city, town, and hamlet and into every farm house, is almost of this generation. And the news-gathering services which reflect the thought and action of the whole world from Paris to Madagascar, from London to Tokio, from New York to Texarkana, are even more recent. Our material progress has made the world such a little place that metaphorically the man in New South Wales elbows the pedestrian of Broadway.

The printed word has created a new civilization, or rather, has begun its creation. No man can read without thinking, no matter how crude his cerebral movements. And the whole world seems to be reading.

Queen Caroline, Napoleon's sister, complained to him: "Nothing is more dreadful than to govern men in this enlightened century, when every cobbler reasons and criticises the Government."

The revolution of 1789 failed because of the ignorance and inertia of the masses and because of the lustful leaders who had cast aside the moral law. The revolution of 1848 failed because the world was still too young to govern itself against the power of blood and iron.

The French revolution was fought, according to the pamphlets of the time, for three things: Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. And the great bulk of the populace never having had any one of them, did not understand, or worse, care.

In fact, a French cynic remarks that none was or could be achieved. He argues that Liberty is only a misnomer for license, that Equality is something that cannot exist as some men are born with brains, and that Fraternity is something that nobody really wants because each man is striving for recognition from those he thinks better than himself and has no desire to be fraternal to those he thinks beneath him.

But today the world is stirred with unrest as never before. There is a boiling and a surging, a cry for change that is still but imperfectly articulated. The people are thinking. And they are hungry for food for their thoughts. They are still groping in the dark and seek light. They want to know.

They have seen monarchies flourish and grow into tyrannies, they have seen aristocracies come up in full bloom and fade into oligarchies; and now they seek democracy. Shall it turn into ochlocracy—mob rule, anarchy?

The answer lies in the printed word.

Wood, in his study "The Influence of Monarchs," says:

"To speak of 'the Egyptians,' 'the Romans,' 'the Greeks' and 'the English,' without taking into account the question of intellectual and social variation within the nation is to talk in the loosest and most confusing way. 'The Egyptians' as a whole probably never had any highly developed building instinct, though some of their rulers had. 'The Greeks' as a whole may never have been artistic and intellectual, though a percentage certainly were. 'The Romans' may never have had any special faculty for law or government. Such talents may have been confined to the patrician families. Indeed the Roman people may never have declined for the simple reason that the Roman people may never have risen. The free cities of Greece disappeared. They never were numerous. The Roman patrician families disappeared. They formed but a small proportion of the total population."

Today, this is not so. Every American school boy is taught from the time he starts to study that he may some day be president of his country. That point for some reason is generally stressed, although only 28 of them have ever had the dream realized. Thomas Lincoln, a backwoodsman, could neither read nor write, but he gave the world his son Abraham whose words are immortal. There is a business marshal's baton in every laborer's dinner pail. So moves the age.

Democracy's biggest danger is from itself. "There is," writes M. Bordeau, "a low demagogic instinct without any moral inspiration, which dreams of pulling humanity down to the lowest level and for which any superiority, even of culture, is an offense to society—it is the sentiment of ignoble equality which animated the Jacobin butchers when they struck off the head of a Lavoisier or a Chenier."

Are we of a democracy to develop a fear and hatred of superiority, or are we of the profession of journalism to seek with Napoleonic philosophy for merit wherever it is to be found and proclaim it to the world?

Are we to guide this torrent of thought that the printed page has loosed

to the world into constructive channels through reiteration of the moral law in all things, or are we to reflect only the spirit of the times and win ephemeral plaudits and passing circulation by criticising everything?

From the depths of his research into the psychology of nations, Gustav Le Bonn says:

"No one seems to understand that individuals and their methods, not regulations, make the value of a people. The efficacious reforms are not the revolutionary reforms but the trifling ameliorations of every day accumulated in the course of time. The great social changes like the great geological changes, are affected by the daily addition of minute causes

"Unhappily the progress in little things which by their total make up the greatness of a nation is rarely apparent, produces no impression on the public, and cannot serve the interests of politicians at elections. These latter care nothing for such matters, and permit the accumulation, in the countries subject to their influence, of the little successive disorganizations which finally result in great downfalls."

"Monarchies and democracies differ far more in form than in substance. It is only the variable mentality of men that varies their effects. All the discussions as to various systems of government are really of no interest, for these have no especial virtue of themselves. Their value will always depend on that of the people governed. A people effects great and rapid progress when it discovers that it is the sum of personal efforts of each individual and not the system of government that determines the rank of a nation in the world."

"Intelligence has progressed in the course of the ages, and has opened a marvelous outlook to man, although his character, and the real formation of his mind and the sure motives of his actions, have scarcely changed. Overthrown one minute, it reappears the next. Human nature must be accepted as it is."

"The sudden political revolutions which strike the historian most forcibly are often the least important. The great revolutions are those of manners and thought. Changing the name of a government does not transform the mentality of a people. To overthrow the institutions of a people is not to reshape its soul."

"The true revolutions which transform the destinies of the people are most frequently accomplished so slowly that the historians can hardly point to their beginnings. The term evolution is therefore, far more appropriate than revolution."

Individuals and their methods, not regulations, make the value of a people. The test of democracy, then, is the strength and vision of its citizenship. Whither are we drifting in that regard? The first lesson of true liberty is obedience to the immutable laws. Man cannot govern until he can first control himself.

Today there is a tendency toward revolt against all restraint so necessary to the success of society. The son looks

down upon the wisdom of his father's years and the daughter rebels against the mother's age old advice. It is an era of criticism. We raise a few above our heads the better to pull them down.

A midwest editor printed an editorial awhile ago describing a little fat man with a goatee hurrying around the corner and up the steps of the city hall. The editorial concluded:

"It was our new mayor going to the city clerk to be sworn into office—and may God have mercy on his soul!"

He meant that the minute the gentleman described took office he was the open target for all who cared to denounce, deride and ridicule him. By the paradoxical logic of the day he must be wrong because he holds high office. Must everything that passes beyond the average be assailed that we may prove the privilege and the glory of democracy?

One would gather that it must be quite the thing to assail every man who accepts responsibility. Right or wrong he must be attacked. Otherwise, perchance, we would not show our individual independence. An ex-president set the example by daily denunciations of a successor; an editor assails the nation's chief executive, charging him with wrong doing, and after his magazine has been thoroughly read and digested it is learned that the report the President was supposed to have hidden had not yet been given him. But what matters it? He holds high office and therefore should be denounced or our democratic institutions fail! Those of whatever party to which he happens to belong who protest are told to wait until the opposition candidate gets in and they can attack him. It's all such "a good American game."

Democracy in America is still an experiment. That it shall fail need never be feared, for basically the impulses of the people are sound and honest even in the hysteria of the day. But it is to be gravely doubted that it can succeed without serious and deep thought, not on the part of the few, but by the great mass of people, thinking and acting aright individually and thereby creating a collective impulse.

We are a nation of law passers. If an evil arises from above the tangle of evils there is a great hue and cry. A law must be passed! And the law is passed—and then forgotten. Passing laws seems to be the panacea for all evils. Kipling in his harsh criticism of this country quotes the spirit of America in describing a native son:

The cynic devil in his blood
That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

* * *

That bids him flout the law he makes,
That bids him make the law he flouts.

We label a thing and it is so, for, does not the label say it is so? Carlyle has described the reign of Louis XV. as "despotism tempered with Epigram." What of the epigrammatic phase of Democracy? Do we worship too much the form and not the spirit of the thing?

Phoenix-like from the fires of war a new world arises. Springs of new thought are tapped everywhere and the torrent sweeps on. How shall it be guided? What part must the newspaper and the journalist play in its guidance? America is no longer isolated and must take its place with the nations of the world, touched by its thought and affected by its moods. Democracy as we know it faces the acid test. We must prepare our minds for the days of trial.

And, "a people effects great and rapid progress when it discovers that it is the sum total of the personal efforts of each individual that determines the rank of a nation in the world."

The newspaperman must accept his share of the responsibility in bringing peace of mind and enlightenment to the individual that collective results may be achieved.

We cannot build up by tearing down. In millions of homes in America the newspaper is the only reading that is provided. It is alike the literary entertainment, instruction and moral guidance. It is at once, the novel, the encyclopedia and the Bible. Never was Burke's characterization of the Fourth Estate more accurate.

We have before us a dismaying array of necessary reforms. There is a national budget system; the regulation of the quarrels of labor and capital and all the industrial evolutions with which that dispute is linked; the farm and farm finances; the conservation of resources; the transportation problems; the public health question; the problem of municipal government; the question of making practical an educational system; the child labor problem—all, and nameless numbers of others.

They must be brought home to the individual, without rancor, without the clouds of bias and without the bitterness born of personal abuse. Criticism, yes, and plenty of it, but helpful, kindly criticism; constructive and within the bounds of the law against bearing false witness.

The day laborer who slowly moves his work-thickened finger over the printed page must have brought to his groping senses the constructive thought of the day which shall show him the road to the correction of the evils that exist; patiently and painstakingly he must be shown. And there must be inculcated in him a faith in his fellow man.

Henri Lambert, the Belgian economist says:

"Men must co-operate concommically and morally, or they must fight. That is to say they must increase their economic and moral co-operation, and all together, through exchange of service or mutual help, advance in physical, moral and spiritual welfare, and thus accelerate their contribution to the universal final accomplishment. Men, therefore must co-operate—that is, progress—or fight."

The wars of the world have been largely fought because of a lack of faith between nations. There cannot be peace among nations until there is peace among men and that peace universal must be founded on faith in man, his destinies, and the eternal right.

There are big men in the world today who dread to take leadership in the settlement of these problems, who shrink from the responsibilities they feel they should take, because of the fear of abuse from certain sections of the press. They have their families and their pride; they hesitate to lay on the altar of public service all that they hold near and dear.

Too often the newspaperman toys with reputations, heedless of the power the printed word wields. In the rush of the hour and the thoughtlessness of the day he forgets that what he writes is read by millions and burns like a white hot brand. Too often he feels privileged to say things through his paper he would not have the courage to say of a man to his face.

The journalist should feel as he enters

upon his work that he is taking up a task with responsibilities as grave and commanding as any of those met in the profession of medicine or law, or the following of the churchman. The journalist can educate the public to an understanding of the hygiene that will prevent sickness and disease, he can point to and bring about, through education, measures that will clarify the law; and he can reach the churchless thousands and bring to them by indirection the most necessary spiritual thought.

The people must have impressed upon them in all walks of life, if Democracy is to succeed, that liberty is not license, that liberty means "Precise and highly articulated society, communal action as opposed to individualism." There must be unity of action toward a common good, there must be continuity of thought and there must be coherency of aims and ideals. Unless there is we are a conglomeration of people without a mission.

Too often the youngster dashes into the newspaper office "to get the rough edges knocked off him," to see the world and enjoy the excitement of being close to the activities of the day, with never a thought of making journalism a profession, but merely a stepping stone to some other position where his world-sharpened wits will gain him advantage. This of necessity breeds a lack of continuity and persistency of purpose. And too often it is reflected in the columns of the daily press.

The profession of journalism should not be a stepping stone because it should be so high that there would be no other place to step. The responsibilities it carries with it are too large for transient aims.

The journalist of tomorrow cannot rest his case in the platitudinous contention that his paper is "a mirror reflecting the activities of his time—the bad with the good." The simile is fallacious. The mirror properly belongs on the dressing table of the actor, that he may better study the artistry of his grease paint. It does not bring out the really worth while things of life, the spiritual and intangible values.

No, the responsibilities of the newspaper are so great that it must not follow the thought of the day but must aid in guiding and directing it; yet not by stridently forcing upon the people views exaggerated by an ego born of personal conviction. The advocate is too often the blinker wearer, blinded to all viewpoints other than his own. The newspaper's attitude must be one of broad toleration, charity and understanding. Cleanly, fearlessly, accurately it must present the activities of the world, and courageously and without malice it must interpret the thought of the day, the whole thought. The newspaper must step to the middle of the stream and breast the current, not content to dabble in the back waters of prejudice and suspicion. Efforts to win the plaudits of the unthinking must be cast aside to gain the recognition and the confidence of the thinking.

And this ideal must be bred into the reporter at his creation, transfusing his every thought throughout his journalistic life. The whole paper from the youngest cub to the publisher must be imbued with it.

The day of personal journalism is gone; the people do not want individual opinions unless they be presented in collation with the facts which are clearly stated. They want to know; they want

truth instead of abuse, facts instead of glorification.

The moral law must ever be before the editor in his judgment of news values. From all the world's activities he must select for presentation to the people the things worth while. He must weigh carefully his stories to see that he presents that which is healthily entertaining, constructively instructive and morally inspirational. He must cast aside the sordid, the cheap, the vicious.

"Woe to him," cried Rivarold, "who stirs up the dregs of a nation!"

The newspaper is the greatest educational force in our civilization. The Pharisees and the false prophets must give way everywhere to the seekers for truth. How best can this truth be presented?

The newspaper of tomorrow will have gathered on its staff men who consider journalism their life mission. They will view the human problems in the large vision that comes with a just consideration of the past, that patrimony of legends and ideals from our fathers, a knowledge of the present and a hope for the future, their whole thought blended and tempered by a recognition always of the frailties of mankind.

Knowing their problems and not just grasping at fag ends in haphazard fashion, they will speak out with clarity and justness that the people, too, may know and understand.

The newspaper of tomorrow must be within itself a bureau of public service. That paper must have its staff of statistical experts and record keepers who will maintain and keep alive great reservoirs of necessary information that there will always be a sanity of opinion and a true interpretation of the thought of the day. Bureaus of municipal research, citizens' leagues, societies of investigation, but bespeak the derelictions of the press of the past in this regard.

Oswald Garrison Villard, one of America's great editors, says:

"This making over of our press has been a slow growth, it is true. But what have we not learned during the last year of the power of this country to rouse itself and organize its moral and material might in nationwide campaigns of astounding magnitude? We have seen the Liberty Loans; the Red Cross raising a hundred millions in a generous outpouring of philanthropy never thought possible heretofore; the nationwide pledge to economize on food that we may help our allies; the concentration upon a vast shipbuilding program—all of these have revealed to us unbelievable reservoirs of potential power for community and for national welfare and progress."

This must be the journalistic heritage of the war, the keeping alive of this unity, the intelligent subordination of individualism to the common good.

The newspaper's task shall be the building up of the individual citizenship. That comes through inspiration to better things, the inculcation and maintenance of ideals. The individual citizen must be taught that it is not a right, a privilege, to be a citizen, but a serious duty and a grave responsibility. He must have bred in him a faith in his fellow man so that he will not habitually distrust everyone who holds a responsible place. He must have instilled in him the thought that there is such a thing as the pride and glory of achievement, that some do take up the burdens of public life because of a sincere desire to help their fellow man, their city and their

state and their nation, and not always as the cynics of the day have it—to serve for no purpose higher than either the gratification of their sordid conceit or for graft.

It is easy to get rid of kings for it is a mere changing of labels. It is a far harder task to create a faith in fellow citizens who are called upon to govern that they may succeed.

The war and the resultant draft has shown there is some justice in the charge that America has been an "international boarding house," that the millions of people gathered from the four corners of the earth have not been assimilated as rapidly in the ideals of this country as we have been fondly believing. What of them, and more especially the generation which is to follow them? Where do they look for their guidance, their inspiration, their ideals? The roar of the presses of the United States, pouring forth their millions of daily editions, is the answer.

Taine's formula was that three factors, race, heredity and environment, determine all human development. We have the races of the world thrown together in our industrial centers with all their complex and conflicting hereditary instincts for good and evil. Environment alone must provide the blending alchemy which shall rid them of age old fears, prejudices and superstitions, and clarify their ideals, re-creating for us the soul of our nation. In the development of that environment the newspaper must

play the biggest part. It must make forever articulate the cry for communal unity and understanding, for coherent action toward the common goal.

We face a reading world; the problem of the sage of yesterday is answered in the catchwords of the school boy of today. And if we are to make progress character must keep step with this learning.

The world has grown weary of paternalism whether its form be monarchical, bureaucratic or industrial, and a strident individualism is its normal reaction. Freedom begets a hunger for more freedom. It is the tendency of humanity as it develops intellectually and spiritually. In our eagerness to cast off chafing external law which binds us, we sometimes forget the internal law, the dictates of conscience upon which character must be built. There must be inculcated in every man the desire to think right and to do right. The urge to better things must come from within and not from without. This must be the duty of the press, which by sane constructive thought, clear and fair and logical interpretation of the questions of the day, can bring to groping peoples, the light and inspiration for which they hunger.

Through such a course, through the constant reiteration of the plea for communal unity, the national press shall remain that institution dreamed of by our forefathers—free not only from the tyranny of those above but the "low demagogic instinct" of those below—the bulwark of our liberties.

A New Theory in Journalism

(Continued from page 4)

you get. I can't make a list and wouldn't if I could. That's your job. You are the ones to discover the local artists. Seek them in their attics. Anyone who is willing to starve for an ideal is interesting. Eat with these cranks and listen patiently to their ideas. You must decide which sound nutty and which are as sound as a nut. Give honor to the prophets in your own country. Be a prophet yourself. Help everyone who has any idea that will help the cause of Nationalism. It is the greatest opportunity the American press has ever had!

[Editor's Note:—Dr. Miller says nothing about his own work and we are sure that you will want to know something about him beside what is in "Who's Who in America." The purpose of his life has been to help lay the foundations of an American style of landscape design. During his eleven years with Country Life in America, and The Garden Magazine he had unrivaled facilities for seeing the best parks, estates and gardens in America. In 1908 he wrote "What England Can Teach Us About Gardening," the moral of which is that we should quit wasting millions yearly in importing European plants that will never take kindly to our climate, and henceforth should plant chiefly American trees and shrubs. During his four years as professor at the University of Illinois he produced an epoch-making book, "The Prairie Spirit in Landscape Gardening," which describes and illustrates about \$10,000,000 worth of landscape work lately done in the Middle West in a new manner that grows out of the Middle Western climate, scenery, soil, and living conditions. Among his latest plans are a Lincoln Landscape for the Lincoln Motor Co. in Detroit, which is to surround the statue of Lincoln in

front of the Administration Building. So far as known this is the first statue of a public man to be environed by the landscape peculiar to his genius. Dr. Miller has visited all the homes of Lincoln and assembled all the trees, shrubs and flowers that suggest his personal appearance, recall his traits, or symbolize his ideals. We need hardly say that Dr. Miller is capable of writing the academic English you expect from one who holds both the Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi keys. But we begged him to write just as he would talk to us at the round table after dinner—tackling a man's theme and hitting hard. We trust our readers will enjoy this virile, slangy, sincere and convincing stuff as much as we have and will feel free to write him.]

King Albert Gives War Cross to Ohioan

H. LEROY BRADFORD (Ohio '14) sergeant of the 146th Ambulance Co., 37th Division, was cited for "exceptionally gallant conduct" and was decorated with the Belgian war cross by King Albert of Belgium, December 13, at the village of Esquelbecq, near the Belgian border. He enlisted a year ago last August, and left for France last June to serve as a stretcher-bearer.

A regimental sergeant major in France who wears the badge of Sigma Delta Chi squeezed two dollars out of his slender pay and sent it to The Quill. This is a privilege that is not reserved to those who are merely offering their all to their country.

We Like This "Personal" Journalism

By W. M. Glenn (DePauw)

Editor The Orlando (Fla.) Morning Sentinel

EDITING a daily newspaper in a town of 10,000, in the land of sunshine and flowers, is exactly like running The New York Times or The Detroit News or The Paris Temps, except it's different. The main difference is that the editor is everything from devil in the composing room to editor in the editorial rooms. He is the big stick of the shop and is balked only by the business manager. He collects the news, edits it, reads proof, makes up and does about everything except run the press. It is a personal job. It takes time and effort. It requires diplomacy and art. It means that he is official apologist when anything goes wrong and is dictator of all policies, social and religious, except when his partner, the B. M., intervenes.

Some years ago we were in New York and called on our friend, the late Richard Hilligas, then city editor of The New York Herald and Telegram. "How do you like it away down in Florida?" asked Hilligas. "Great," we replied. "We wouldn't change places with you for anything in the world." "Do you know," replied our metropolitan friend, "I haven't been further north than Forty-second Street for ten years, and I have a regular little groove between The Herald and my home on Staten Island? Ho-hum." The "ho-hum," uttered with a yawn, was most expressive. How Hilligas would have enjoyed a month's vacation conducting this little newspaper!

Speaking of big fellows who wield a powerful influence via the quill, let us consider Hamilton Holt of The Independent. Holt is also our friend, though he probably doesn't know it. Some years ago when DePauw University got the first chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, Holt came along and delivered an address at Greencastle. It occurred to "Snooks" Sloan (Laurence Sloan of The New York American, formerly of the New York Tribune, and one of the charter members of S. D. C.) that Hamilton Holt would make a fine honorary member of the fraternity and give it prestige. So we put Holt in. Later in writing to him we enclosed a little New Year's card which we had drafted. Holt replied in this wise: "Some day you'll come to New York and conduct The Independent and I'll run your little country newspaper. We'll exchange places much as preachers swap pulpits. It will be a change and a rest."

So you see even the big scribes yearn for the shop primeval. They would like to get away from the city. They would like to work hard in the country newspaper offices once again, where they have to do all their own typing, read all the proofs, gather all the personals and social items, write the editorials, conduct the daily column of humor, read the ads, clean up the presses, tinker with the machinery when something busts, worry about print paper when it doesn't come, and when it does come worry over the price of same.

The country newspapers, and we are speaking seriously now, must follow the lines laid out by our strictly professional friends of the larger cities. We must have a good news service; our

news, large or small, must tell the story in an accurate, interesting way. It must be presented in a manner that will please the people. We must have features. Our editorials must have pep and thought behind them. The society items must be couched in diplomatic style calculated to please the ladies. And the paper must be delivered every morning before 6:30. Woe to the newsboy who fails his street or district! Woe to the editor who gets names wrong. Help for the editor who slights any one in the entire community!

The war which has come to a glorious close has re-made the smaller newspapers of America. They have discovered that no matter how small their communities the people want the news about the world. And they want the news while it is hot. Our weekly paper, which had been running over thirty years, gradually began to hit the toboggan until the circulation was a bare 125. On the other hand the daily had grown to the 2,000 daily circulation mark, and several weeks ago we wrote "30" for the weekly. The people want such sizzling news as can be told only in a daily.

The people in the smaller towns and cities have come to realize the importance of the local press as never before. The war has proved it. A few years ago the local papers in many communities under 5,000 population were scoffed at. They were accepted for what they were worth, read carelessly and used to kindle fires, while the daily newspapers from the big cities 100 miles away were awaited with keen interest. The war changed it all. The war's events recorded hourly were wanted hourly. The people couldn't wait five, eight or ten hours for a city paper. They looked to the shop in their community for the news. And the publishers got the news for them. It cost money, but it was worth while. Now, the people of the smaller cities are looking forward to the day when their paper can put in a leased wire service and feed them the news as well as the papers published hundreds of miles away.

People are beginning to appreciate the profession of journalism. They are not indifferent as in the days of 1913. They are taking a pride in their city's paper because they have come to realize that a wire can carry a message to them in their little section of the world as readily and as quickly as it can carry a message to a New York or Chicago paper. There is less criticism, less squeamishness, less kicking, less everything. Their little world is running smoother. Sympathetic co-operation in the smaller towns has grown, just as it is sweeping 'round the world.

Our newspaper has ceased to speak for one group or faction in the city. It speaks for the entire city, and more than that, it speaks for the county, and hopes some day to speak for the Congressional District, for this section of fair Florida. Barriers have been broken down. Prejudice is breaking up. Petty jealousies are disappearing. The quill is assuming new responsibilities and exerting new influences.

Recently we inaugurated a little Sunday morning feature. For lack of a

better head we gave it: "Our Sunday Morning Chat With the People." Under it we carried a sort of explanatory hanger: "A Running Line of Comment With Our Friends and Readers Throughout the County. Let us have your suggestions, as we want you to feel that The Sentinel is your paper." In other words, boundaries have ceased to exist as a direct consequence of the world war. Newspaper publishers will be playing a great part in America's future development if they will wipe away the city boundaries and speak for their county, and as they grow and progress, speak for an even larger territory.

Another feature is a column of humor. Under the head, "The Town Slouch," we run paragraphs of a personal nature. We "kid" our neighbors and friends, and now and then poke ridicule at our enemies. People read this column because it gives them a laugh a day, and why should there be gloom in any newspaper? The people want light and cheerful stuff. "B. L. T." in the Chicago Tribune, and "F. P. A." in The New York Tribune, and countless other daily fun-makers, have millions of readers.

Again, we keep our news together as much as possible so that the people know where to look for their news. We favor the department idea because habit is a great asset in a successful newspaper. Habit rules the world to a certain extent and the people are creatures of habit. If page 5 has the society news and page 7 the humor and page 9 the "purely personal" news day by day, people grow accustomed to the place where their interest lies. They can find the news in the dark. The longer we run a newspaper in a city of 10,000 the surer we are that people like system in the news.

We presume our friends on the city papers will find flaws in this story. They may disapprove and disagree. But the fact remains that it is a great and gay life to work twelve and sixteen hours a day for yourself and not be subject to "the king" in the city room. When we first came to Florida to engage in this personal form of journalism, we had our fears and misgivings. We had a sort of nightmare. We felt a certain hesitancy in getting back into personal journalism, getting away from the impersonal machinery of a throbbing metropolitan newspaper where one's identity is more or less submerged in the grinding staff of half a hundred units. But, alas and alack, all has changed. We fully enjoy the life in a small shop in a small but fast-growing city, and "personal" journalism with its peculiar phases has grown upon us. We love the game. We are enthusiastic over Florida, the nation's greatest playground. Florida is full of enterprising newspapers and the utmost harmony prevails. Everybody is boosting his city, county and state.

Concentration of mind on the task at hand is a difficult proposition. The door is open. The editorial desk is open to all. It is almost on the street. The people have no hesitancy in butting into the sacred sanctum. You try to dope up a serious editorial on some leading sub-

ject of the day and there are one million interruptions.

It is: "Why the devil can't you get me my paper. I'm paying for it. I want it."

A boy bursts in: "Here's somethin' fer your paper. If it don't go in right Pa will be down to see you with a gun."

The telephone rings: "Can you come to a meeting of the Board of Trade directors? Hurry up, we're waiting for you."

And the city politician busts up our thoughts with: "You're attacking us. You're trying to start a fight. All right, go ahead, we'll finish it."

And a perfect lady comes in to fight over a society item.

Then a fine old gentleman with a cane stalks into the office: "This the place to write an ad? Well, I have a cow and a horse and some pigs and a cart and a

few chickens and household goods for sale, and I want you to fix me up an ad."

The phone rings again: "This is Pine Castle. Why weren't my notes in today's paper? If you don't like 'em I'll quit writing. I've got other things to do."

The foreman approaches the sanctum: "Does that job have to be got out today? We're all tied up back here and I don't see how we kin get it out."

The lady cashier comes in: "Did you take any cash out of the drawer today? We're \$2.14 shy."

The phone rings again: "Hello, this you?" "Yeah," we growl. It's Friend Wife. "Will you stop at Empie's and get me a dozen eggs? Try and get me half a dozen lemons and don't forget to go to the packing house and get that fruit. Oh, yes, stop and get my shoes and be sure to mail those letters."

It's no wonder we never get anything done, and it's especially obvious that our editorials are thrown together and not worth much more than a scrap of paper or a poor, worn-out joke. Yet we keep up the grind day in and day out. And then our business partner walks in and says: "I've got everything in fine shape. Guess I'll go out in the woods with Gray and Ed and Gerard and shoot a few deer to keep the wolf away from the door." We've got a fine partner—a Purdue man and not a member, unfortunately, of Sigma Delta Chi. Embryo journalists, take notice: In casting about for a partner get a good one. That's the secret of success, after all, because the money has to come in or things would go to pieces.

And again we say: We like this personal journalism and wouldn't exchange places with any metropolitan scribe for anything in the world!

Gold and Glory from a Shoestring

By E. W. Edwardson (Iowa)

Lately News Editor of The Camp Dodger; News Editor of The Enid (Okla.) Daily News

AN idea, experience, a sufficient line of credit, and a vision of the good such a newspaper might accomplish, together with a willingness to put forth the extra amount of energy required, were the factors in the establishment of The Camp Dodger (Camp Dodge, Iowa), the first army camp newspaper ever published. A weekly newspaper read by more than 40,000 persons, and profits amounting to \$30,000 in the first year of its course are the results.

The idea emanated from the brain of Lieutenant L. R. Fairall (Iowa '17), now in France with the 350th Infantry, 88th Division, battalion scout officer of his regiment. Experience in practical publishing he gained in reportorial and editorial capacities while attending the State University, and later on Clinton and Des Moines papers. Experience in army journalism he gained as one of the editors of The Iowa Guardsman, a paper published by the Iowa troops on the Mexican border in 1916.

With not a penny of capital invested for the first edition of The Camp Dodger, 400 copies of this issue were run off September 13, 1917. The first edition was a four-page, eight-column affair, full of pictures and news stories about the camp, at that time not yet completed, but housing the first increment of selective service men to be called into the army from Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois. The soldiers revealed an extraordinary appetite for the paper, and Editor Fairall and his staff were encouraged to begin immediately on the second edition and to increase the order to 800 copies. This edition was likewise quickly exhausted by street sales in the camp, and the subscription campaign was started.

Little did Lieutenant Fairall or the khaki-clad newspaper men, his associates, realize with what rapidity the paper was going to grow. Inside of two months there were 10,000 readers on the subscription lists, and street sales amounted to 3,000 copies in the camp. At the close of 1918, the subscription list totaled approximately 30,000, and street and news

stand sales aggregated 7,000 to 8,000 each week.

The financial growth of the paper was no less remarkable. The paper has made and turned over to the Camp Exchange Council more than \$31,000. This money will, in turn, be divided among the organizations, companies and regiments of the camp to be used for recreational purposes and for company mess and entertainment funds. No individual gets a cent of this large fund, as the paper is strictly the property of the men in the camp.

Lieutenant Frank S. Perkins (Nebraska), business manager of the paper since it was turned over to the Camp Exchange Council, has done much to make it a consistent money-maker. Advertising and subscription solicitors sent out into the surrounding states work under his direction, and he, as a member of the Council, is responsible to the military authorities of the camp for the conduct of the paper.

When the 88th Division departed for France last August, plans were laid to publish an overseas edition of The Dodger. The staff then on the paper, with the exception of Lieutenant Perkins, intended to continue publishing The Dodger over there. Lieutenant Perkins, who was retained at Camp Dodge in order to keep the parent paper going, was to re-organize the staff for the "home" edition of the paper, and the two editions were to co-operate in giving each other news from home and abroad. The writer of this article, though a civilian who had been turned down twice by the examining boards, had managed to get by on his trick with the home paper for several months and was going to Europe to manage the Paris edition.

That "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley" was never more forcefully brought home to the writer than shortly after the advance party of the 88th Division left camp for the port of embarkation. Endorsement of the plan for an overseas Dodger and consent to bring a civilian correspondent with the division to devote his full time to getting

out the paper had been granted at Washington, and by the commanding general of the 88th Division. Three days before the organization left, came another order from Washington, disapproving the proposition, and keeping civilian news-hounds out of Europe. So the overseas edition was doomed for the time.

That is the only setback The Camp Dodger has had in its plans. It has been recognized during its sixteen months of activity in the camp as being a very potent force in the training of the men and in carrying forth the various government enterprises among the soldiers here. War Risk Insurance, the Liberty Loans, War Savings and Thrift Stamps, morale work, in fact, all propaganda of which the government wished the soldiers to become informed, has been materially aided by the camp paper. Recognition of its value in all of these respects is shown by the official communications from Washington thanking and praising The Dodger for the part it has played.

In the camp, among the officers and men, it has done even as much for the fighting spirit. The newspaper has served to bind various organizations together with a "divisional and camp spirit" making for enthusiasm and co-operation in the task of training the thousands of men who have passed through their training periods here.

Even now, when peace is a thing experienced, and not merely a hope for a near future, The Dodger finds a big field of usefulness in co-operation with the camp morale officer.

Much could be said of the various departments conducted by The Dodger, its humorous column, poetry (and it is agreed that soldiers are all either poets, or trying to become poets), editorials, advertising, and the material that fills its news columns, as well as of the censorship that has been exercised on what was to be published and what excluded. The Dodger differs little, however, from its professional contemporaries, except in-so-far as camp life changes the character and variety of interests and activities; and that is quite a different story than this set out to be.

Books the Journalist Ought to Know

The Story of the Sun

IT IS the curious habit of conservative folk to hearken ever to the past; to linger fondly over traditions; to covet classification with the genius of yesterday. Curious, because the firmament in which the conservative would shine is lit with radicalism that has become tolerable through its successful defiance of the standards of its day. The theme is an old one, everlastingly rewritten, and is as applicable to the profession of journalism as any other walk in life.

In a time when newspapers frown upon incipient revolt, however bloodless, against the social or economic order of things; when they freely surrender their most precious prerogatives, and even encourage the invasion of their rights; in such a time it is interesting to take up Frank M. O'Brien's *The Story of The Sun* (Doran) and discover again what manner of man was Charles Anderson Dana.

When Germany was arumple in the late forties, and France was turbulent with socialism and impending revolution, he was no man to sneer. Fresh from Brook Farm, where he had been seriously immersed in transcendentalism and genuine democracy, he felt the necessity of being close to the heart of rebellious Europe; and he sacrificed the city-editorship of Greeley's Tribune to try the risky (but as it proved, successful) role of free lance correspondent. If subsequently he suffered fewer illusions as to the rapidity with which man's estate might be improved, he did not cease to be an enlightened and sympathetic student of radical tendencies. He could cherish on his staff of editorial writers the belligerent old Scot who wrote moderation by day and preached "super-Fourierism" by night.

The Story of The Sun, twice published before, once in Munsey's and once in the paper whose glamorous past and admirable present it reviews, has lost none of its fine edge. As the first complete history of a great American newspaper, it is a work of the utmost importance; as an intimate and colorful piece of writing, it is worthy of the publication which has set, and still maintains, the best literary standards of the American press; and within its compass precepts are uttered and practices described which must work inevitably toward the improvement of "the fourth estate." It is aggravatingly quotable when space for quotation is limited.

Could newspaper men of today institute as their inviolable code those maxims which Dana uttered at Milwaukee in 1888, jibes at their profession would be less common and less merited. And yet their righteousness is so obvious that their violation is remarkable.

He cried out against uncredited reprint, yet the Associated Press has published a great volume on its legal battles to establish its property right to the news it gathers, and has in the last year, had to fight a rival (leastwise, a contemporary) to the Supreme Court itself to protect itself against theft of news.

He declared against the printing of paid advertisements as news-matter; yet a federal statute prohibiting this practice was finally necessary, a generation later, and this statute is violated daily,

if not in letter, at least in spirit, in every city of importance in the United States, and even more flagrantly in many, if not most, small towns.

He believed a newspaper should "never attack the weak or the defenseless, either by argument, by invective, or by ridicule, unless there is some absolute public necessity for so doing." Too many newspaper men are willing to say amen while they are slapping a head on a story that is a roaring confession of their guilt.

A queer man; a great man; fit, indeed, to be the subject of countless legends; to be given credit for achievements not his, and to have the glory of achievements that were his denied him. And is it not greatly to his credit that Dana was not, as he is so often made out to be, *The Sun*? It was a striking and successful paper before him; it was a great newspaper when he was gone. He put straw in the bricks of which its upper stories were constructed; so did men before and after him. A personality of heroic proportions, he was yet capable of surrendering his individuality, as he commanded others to surrender theirs, to the development of an institution; and it is to the credit of Mr. O'Brien and the publishers of *The Sun* that they have, by uncloaking anonymous writers and executives, revealed how vastly greater than any man is an organization soundly conceived.

Joel Chandler Harris

THE curse of present day journalism is imitativeness; and the most accurate of imitators is the "colyumist" who afflicts no longer merely the metropolitan sheet, but the tri-weekly and weekly of the most bucolic community. Few bring to their work anything but vacuous minds and an ambition for well-stuffed pay envelopes. The quaint philosophers, the nimble wits, the clever feature writers whose works have not only a magic quality for their own times, but are capable of capturing the affections of succeeding generations, are few and conspicuous in the history of American journalism. They began with Ben Franklin, and they live today—F. P. A., B. L. T., Kin Hubbard, Ring Lardner, Ed Howe, Walt Mason. Did they thrive best yesterday when, Twain and Nye and Billings and M. Quad and Field tired out, Joel Chandler Harris and George Ade and Finley Peter Dunne stepped forth to cheer mankind?

It is an authorized biography of the creator of Uncle Remus, written by his daughter-in-law, Julia Collier Harris, and published by Houghton Mifflin Co., that precipitates the thought. There is revelation here of all the rich background that made the tales of Harris not only highly successful newspaper features, but a precious heritage of American childhood, and a worthy addition to American folklore.

It was with love and devotion that Mrs. Harris labored to rescue from obscurity this bit of information and that, trying with a considerable measure of success to make a reticent, stammering, rusty-haired old Southern gentleman stand out boldly against the curtain he himself had sought to draw. Perhaps this troublesome task is responsible for the absence of any great literary charm

in the book; but the biographer has preserved so much that must otherwise have fled beyond recall; so much that an affectionate world feels it must know about its idol; that she is well past the need of apology or explanation.

Much of Mr. Harris's correspondence is of little consequence; somewhat closer editing with a view to elimination would not have harmed the book, and might have brought it within the limits of a larger public's purse; but it was the author's misfortune to be unable to obtain from Col. Roosevelt the mislaid letters Mr. Harris wrote, and to have all too few from his others distinguished admirers, Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley.

In all the book, there is nothing so charming as the story of his early struggle's as an apprentice at printing as well as writing, and of his gradual rise to eminence, not through slavish emulation of others, but through the simple and natural revelation of those things which he knew best and most loved to share with the world.

To Be Reviewed

"In the Heart of a Fool," by William Allen White. A novel of the Middle West, by the editor of *The Emporia Gazette*. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.60.

"My Own Story," by Fremont Older. A republication in book form of the remarkable self-revelation of the managing editor of *The San Francisco Call*, which ran serially in that paper.

Lowell Thomas Shot

By Spartacide Mob

LOWELL JACKSON THOMAS (Denver '13), formerly of the editorial staffs of *The Denver Times* and *The Chicago Journal* and more recently instructor in public speaking at Princeton University, was shot below the heart and dangerously wounded Sunday, January 19, at Bremen, Germany. The news arrived in this country in a dispatch from Berlin dated January 25, but delayed and not published here until the 28th, since which no further word of his condition has come.

Thomas was attacked by a Spartacide mob, and would have lost his life but for Webb Waldron, editorial writer for *Collier's Weekly*. Both had been accused of attempting to foment dissension in the Spartan organization. The trouble occurred during the national elections, and developed into a battle.

Thomas left Princeton to go to Europe for moving pictures and material for a course of lectures he expected to deliver in New York. He was the subject of a story by Paul Crissey, in *The Quill* for April, 1915, detailing the history of the Notable Carleton Hudson scoop, in which Thomas was the bright and particular star. The bewildering chase carried him over a good part of the United States before the sanctimonious imposter was brought to justice, after eluding the police 20 years.

While reporting on *The Journal*, Thomas was also professor of oratory at the Chicago Kent Night College of Law.

Grinnell Takes Up the Gage

Twenty-Eighth Active Chapter Installed in Middle-West

By Frank Thayer (Wisconsin)

Chairman of the Course in Journalism at the State University of Iowa

CRYSTALIZING its idea's of the national press and bringing its rich background of journalistic endeavor into the fold of the fraternity, the Grinnell Press Club became the twenty-eighth college chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, Saturday, January 11.

Noteworthy was the installation, for it was the beginning of a professional and fraternal tie with one of the strongest liberal arts colleges west of New England, a college with alumni of such notable standing in letters as James Norman Hall, aviator and author, and Albert Shaw, editor of *The American Review of Reviews*.

The induction of Grinnell men into Sigma Delta Chi was the culmination of a movement started several years ago to raise the standard of college journalism at Grinnell, and to create more interest among the students and graduates in newspaper work as a profession. It was this same spirit of enthusiasm that caused Grinnell to play such a prominent part in the formation of the Iowa College Press Association.

Equally significant with the ceremony itself was the high type of fellowship found by the installing officers. Grinnell is working out something striking and unique in the solution of the ever-present problem of college social life. With its beautiful and wholesomely appointed quadrangle dormitories for men, Grinnell is bound to play an important part in educational movements in the Middle West during the next half century. Its fervency and zeal in providing the best for its students, are just as characteristic of its attitude in seeking a chapter in Sigma Delta Chi.

Besides two faculty men, Professor D. D. Griffith, head of the department of English, and John W. Gannaway, head of the department of political science and former chief editorial writer on *The Milwaukee Journal*, the following ten men were initiated: Ben Ellsworth, Donald H. Clark, Homer O. Noel, Max A. Egloff, Maynard B. Barnes, Robert C. McCornack, Paul A. Stewart, Oscar Mathews, Martin E. Ramsey and Leslie M. Miles.

Frank Thayer, chairman of the course in journalism at the State University of Iowa, represented the Executive Council as the chief installing officer. He was assisted by W. Keith Hamill, a student in the college of law at Iowa, and Lieut. Ralph E. Overholser, former sporting editor of *The Daily Iowan*. Prof. Harry R. O'Brien, acting head of the department at Iowa State college, was chief delegate from the Ames chapter. Professor O'Brien was assisted by F. M. Russell, president of the Ames chapter, Z. R. Mills, J. M. Van Houten and Mark Emmel. Sergeant W. Earl Hall of the Iowa chapter, former editor-in-chief of *The Daily Iowan*, and now president of the Iowa College Press Association, dropped in unexpectedly from Camp Dodge, and took part in the festivities of the day.

Early in the forenoon the delegates began to arrive. At noon the men were entertained at a luncheon given by the staff of *The Scarlet and Black*, in the new women's quadrangle. Edith St. John,

editor of *The Scarlet and Black*, welcomed the guests, Professors O'Brien and Thayer responding.

Preceding the formal initiation, which took place at the Eiks' temple, the neophytes were put through a rigid examination by Professor O'Brien on the history and ideals of Sigma Delta Chi, as well as the history of American journalism.

Under the direction of the installing officer, the ceremony was conducted in a spirit marked by its convincing idealism and impressive dignity, after which the charter was presented to Professor Griffith, acting as president of the baby chapter.

In the evening Professor Griffith presided at a banquet at the New Monroe hotel, and expressed his appreciation of the meaning of the fraternity in the future life of Grinnell College. He also presented greetings from Kenneth C. Hogate, national secretary; F. M. Church, national treasurer, and Lee A. White, editor of *The Quill*. Professor Thayer welcomed the new men in a toast, "The New Journalism," explaining the purpose of Sigma Delta Chi in binding together young newspaper men for the purpose of maintaining high standards in the profession. Professor Gannaway pointed out in his toast, "Carry On," the necessity of a newspaper being a leader in causing the common people to think, and to think squarely.

F. M. Russell told of the activity of Sigma Delta Chi in college life, mentioning the success of the Ames chapter in its publication of *The Green Gander*, and its staging of the annual Gridiron banquet. Professor O'Brien entertained the men with stories of workers who gave their all for the love of the newspaper game. W. Earl Hall and Ben Ellsworth gave short toasts, thus completing the most memorable initiatory banquet since the installation of Grinnell's first and only fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa. Professor A. E. Buck of Grinnell and C. K. Needham, editor of *The Grinnell Register*, and W. G. Ray, publisher of *The Grinnell Herald*, were guests at the banquet.

In the evening, several of the delegates attended the concert of Maude Powell, American violinist, in Herrick chapel. Others were guests at a smoker at the men's quadrangle. Paul Stewart improvised selections at the piano and discovered a real Sigma Delta Chi song, which the men present hoped he would write for publication. Here, in the evening hours, the real fellowship and friendliness of the Grinnell men and faculty for the fraternity and the Ames and Iowa delegations were most apparent. Lingering until the midnight hours, the men hated to withdraw and hoped that the time would be short before reunion in memory of the installation.

Clark, Noel and Stewart, of the new chapter have left for New York to do special work in journalism. Clark and Noel have entered Columbia.

The Grinnell Press Club was organized in March, 1918, by seven upper-classmen, and Professors Gannaway and Griffith for the purpose of stimulating the interest in journalism in the college. In order to link the interests of outside

newspaper workers with the instruction in the college, and to encourage the students in newspaper endeavor, the club petitioned Sigma Delta Chi.

National officers of Sigma Delta Chi, and both the Ames and Iowa chapters, recognized the possibilities of another chapter in the state, and the good of having the fraternity identified with such an excellent college as Grinnell.

After receiving the endorsement of President J. H. T. Main and the faculty of the college, and after proper reference to the chapters, the wish of the petitioners was granted. Installation was delayed in the autumn because of the military organization of the college.

Grinnell is the oldest college west of the Mississippi, being the intellectual offspring of twelve Andover and Dartmouth men that composed the famous Iowa band. Since its establishment in 1847, its growth has been continuous and rapid.

Grinnell is one of the largest colleges of liberal arts in the country, having in the college year 1917-1918 an enrollment of 846 students, and a faculty of 61—a student body which compares favorably with the liberal arts enrollments of the best colleges and universities. Grinnell has a productive endowment of \$1,305,000. The recent completion of commodious and well-appointed dormitories, housing 500 students, makes the total assets in buildings and grounds \$2,160,862.

Alone of the colleges west of the Mississippi, Grinnell ranked in class one in the 1911 report of the Federal Bureau of Education. Four of the nine Rhodes scholars from Iowa have been Grinnell men. It is one of the few colleges in the country co-operating in the Harvard Exchange Professorship, and is on the Carnegie Foundation.

Grinnell is a college well equipped in every department, and is prepared for rapid development of work in journalism. Its college library contains 59,000 volumes. There are received currently at the library about 200 periodicals, including city newspapers, English reviews and special papers for each of the various departments. The five college publications and the dailies in the state which require correspondence, give ample opportunity for practical work in journalism.

The Grinnell *Scarlet and Black*, a semi-weekly publication, offers special opportunity for newspaper training in college. Founded in 1884 as a successor to *The Grinnell News Letter*, it has increased in size and in importance until it is now served by a staff of twenty-seven reporters and has a circulation rivaling that of any college paper in Iowa. It aims to cover all the news events of the college, and is known for its excellent make-up and high editorial standard. It is published Wednesday and Saturday.

Other journalistic opportunities at Grinnell include *The Grinnell Press Bureau*, *The Grinnell Review*, *The Cyclone*, and *The Grinnell Magazine*. Four students are employed in the news bureau which furnishes the papers of the state with important news about the college and its alumni. The Review is a maga-

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THE QUILL

A quarterly magazine, devoted exclusively to the interests of journalists engaged in professional work and of young men studying journalism in American colleges and universities.

Official publication of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity.

LEE A. WHITE, Editor.

CARL H. GETZ, Associate Editor.

Editorial and business offices at 903 Virginia Park, Detroit, Michigan.

JANUARY, 1919

Surgeon or Butcher?

HARMON Postlewhite, in an article in *The Quill*, referred to "thirty dollar a week capitalists." He meant, of course, newspaper men, who, for a laborer's wage, weave into story and editorial and headline the real or fancied bias of their wealthy employers. Rich in implications, it is a grave charge and too frequently warranted; grave, not alone because it thrusts a great interrogation point into the center of each page of the newspaper, but because it challenges the sincerity of the purveyors of news and opinion. But in this day we indict not only the wilfully perverse but the inept, the obtuse, the near-sighted journalist.

It is a curious and unfertile community which does not sense the social ferment of our day. Everywhere else there is agitation, if not tumult; and the donning of blinders does not alter the fact. The reporting and interpretation of the situation is the primary function of the press; but this requires vision, information, understanding. The easy, and hence the conventional thing to do, is to hunt a scapegoat; to describe a satisfactory victim for mob or judicial vengeance; but it gets the world nowhere.

The keen-witted journalist is a social diagnostician. He is sharp of eye, to detect symptoms and set them down in orderly fashion for further examination. He is skilled in the elimination of fact having no significance. He has unusual capacity for relating ill-omens and deducing from them the causes which must be attacked. He may or may not be a surgeon. If he is, he will instantly strike at the cause; but only a malpractitioner, a bungling butcher, will slash at the superficial evidence of disease.

The world is suffering from systemic disorders, of which local disturbances are but the signs for him who has eyes to read. The intelligent journalist should glory in his opportunity for valiant service; the public should be on its knees, praying God for deliverance from any other kind.

Ten Years Old.

APRIL 17, Sigma Delta Chi will celebrate its tenth anniversary. The world in general will not be excited, but that is no matter for concern. There is every reason why each chapter should appropriately observe the birthday if in no other manner than the taking of an inventory of things contributed to the well-being of the organization. But there might well be serious thought of the next decade.

Men returning from the war have frequently urged a convention that should be a notable fraternal re-union. It should be this, and more. It should be the occasion for a reiteration of high purposes, and a sensible expression of these in

terms unmistakable and public. It should attract men of distinction in the profession, whose utterances would at once inspire and stimulate to endeavor. That it should also give opportunity for needed attention to the administration of the fraternity's local and national affairs is obvious; for there has been no convention in three years.

The war has depleted the fraternity's funds, and few chapters are prepared to meet the expense of a convention this spring. The fall is a more propitious season. Meantime consideration should be given to the most advantageous meeting place, and to the national officers who are to be elected. The haphazard methods of nomination and election that have characterized past elections will no longer do. Each chapter should be giving thought to these urgent problems.

Grinnell Takes Up the Gage

(Continued from page 11)

zine devoted to the interests of the alumni, and is published by the faculty in co-operation with the students. The Cyclone is the college year book, published by the members of the junior class. The Grinnell Magazine is a bi-monthly publication, issued by the students. Unlike *The Scarlet and Black*, it is a purely literary publication, devoted to short stories, essays, poems, and dramas written by Grinnell students. It was founded in 1916, and is a revival of *The Unit*, last published in 1912.

Special instruction in journalism was begun at Grinnell in 1915-1916 and has been one of the main interests of a large group of students. Courses are arranged to cover the principal features of newspaper work throughout the regular four years of the liberal arts course. Professor Griffith, who took his bachelor's degree at Simpson College, and his doctor's degree at the University of Chicago, is in charge of the courses in journalism.

Prominent Grinnell alumni now engaged in magazine or newspaper work include Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*; James Norman Hall, soldier and author of "*Kitchener's Mob*," and "*The First Five Hundred Thousand*;" W. A. Frisbie, editor of *The Minneapolis News*; W. A. Williams, editor of *The St. Paul Dispatch*; Gardner Cowles, publisher of *The Des Moines Register*, and H. H. Windsor, publisher of *Popular Mechanics and Cartoons*.

Boches Captured Him Just Before Armistice

PPRIVATE Conrad N. Church (Michigan) formerly assistant state editor of *The Detroit News*, has been returned to active service with the Ordnance Department from Base Hospital No. 58, Rimancourt, France. Church was in the first party of 200 American prisoners met by the American Army of Occupation after the signing of the armistice.

He was captured north of Verdun about 11 days before peace, and was confined in a temporary prison in a church at Gorey, near the Belgian border. He contracted influenza, bronchitis and neuralgia from exposure in the prison and on the three-day march to the Allies' lines.

Sigma Delta Chi in Khaki

LAURENCE R. FAIRALL (Iowa '17), lieutenant in the 350th Infantry, 88th Division, A. E. F., has been in France since August 16, and has filled important assignments as battalion scout officer. He was the founder of *The Camp Dodger*, the famous soldier newspaper at Camp Dodge, Ia.

Frank Marasco (Iowa '17) is at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He attracted wide attention and publicity there through pictures he painted on the hammocks of his comrades. He sought entrance to the camouflage section, but got tangled in red tape. For three years Marasco was art editor of *The Hawkeye*, Iowa's annual.

Loomis C. Leedy (Knox '18) encountered DePauw, Louisiana, Michigan, Kansas and Minnesota Sigma Delta Chis while in service at Pelham Bay. C. A. Anderson, lately secretary of the Minnesota chapter, was among them. Leedy left for his home at Bushnell, Ill., January 18.

Louisiana's record in service includes the following: D. D. Morgan is a captain in the army, and E. R. Jones, '16; F. A. Porter, '18; J. M. Barnett; Yandel Boatner; T. K. McLamore, '15; E. S. Ott, '17, and A. F. Smith are lieutenants. In France, T. O. Brooks, '19, is in the Field Artillery; R. C. Parker, '19, is in the Marine Corps; J. C. Rogers, '19, is in the Signal Corps, and G. K. Favrot, Jr., '16, was driving an ambulance at the front when fighting stopped. H. L. Johns, '17, and C. F. LaGrone, '18, are in the navy. C. R. Hummel, '18; H. O. Cain; M. J. Hinson, ex-'18, and S. H. Jones were all in the army. A. G. Reed, Jr., '18, and J. W. Koonce, '19, were discharged from training camps on the conclusion of hostilities.

Capt. Bruce Miles (Michigan), though in the Army, has been attached to Navy aviation camps as a specialist in Liberty motors. He will return to the Cadillac sales forces in Detroit as soon as he is discharged.

H. Beach Carpenter (Michigan) is an ensign in the Navy, stationed at Washington, D. C., where he was involved in submarine detection development during hostilities.

Lieut. Conger Reynolds (Iowa '10) formerly head of the department of journalism at Iowa State University, is an intelligence officer assigned to duty in the censorship branch, in France.

Edwin E. Severns and J. Eber Angle (Washington) were among the sixty-eight graduates of the First Officers Material School, and received their commissions as ensigns at the University Naval Training Station on the University of Washington campus, January 17.

Charles Phelps Cushing (Michigan honorary), who served for a time in France as a member of the editorial staff of *The Stars and Stripes*, went over to the Photographic Division of the Signal Corps and was made Photo News Editor of the American Expeditionary Forces. He developed expertness in the same work when on *Collier's Weekly*.

Herbert Curtis Shoemaker (Washington '18) has been commissioned a lieutenant in France. He entered the Field Artillery as a private at Camp Robinson, Wis.; was a corporal before he went over; and trained for his commission overseas. Address, O. and T. C., No. 4, A. P. O. 773, A. E. F.

News of the Breadwinners

ROGER STEFFAN (Ohio), past national president of Sigma Delta Chi, has been discharged from service and is in the Washington, D. C., offices of the Associated Press. He was stationed at Camp Meade when he received his discharge. He has recently been shifted from "Treasury, Railroads and Justice" to the Capitol, now the news center. Willard Kiplinger, another Ohioan, is also with the Associated Press at the capital.

E. G. Frost (Miami '17) is with the Davis Sewing Machine Co., Dayton, Ohio. He is handling advertising and editing a house organ.

Oval Quist (Iowa '14) is news editor of The Globe-Gazette, a daily published at Mason City, Iowa.

Carl H. Getz (Washington), formerly editor of The Quill, was discharged from service with the Marine Corps at Paris Island, in mid-January, and has returned to New York. His address is 318 West 57th Street. He is doing publicity work for the Centenary Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Lieut. Tom Murphy (Iowa), former managing editor of The Daily Iowan, is now editor of The Red Oak (Ia.) Express, which was turned over to him by his father. The Murphys control one of the largest calendar factories in the world. It is located at Red Oak.

Arthur E. ("Ned") Nafe (Washington) who has adventured in newspaper work, advertising, law and manufacturing since his graduation, is now office manager of The Dunham Co., Berea, Ohio, manufacturers of agricultural implements.

Prof. C. F. Kurtz (Iowa), a member of the faculty of the school of commerce, and Miss Edna Stark, of Davenport, Ia., were married January 6.

Marjory M. Simonds, wife of William A. Simonds (Washington) died in Seattle, January 16, of influenza. Both Mr. and Mrs. Simonds were graduates of the department of journalism at the University of Washington, and they were married in "the Daily shack," one of the exposition buildings which housed the department until the completion of Commerce Hall. Mrs. Simonds contracted the disease while nursing her sister, who died three hours before she did.

Kenneth Hogate (DePauw), national secretary, is editing the extras and night edition of The Detroit News.

Harry Crain (Oregon), editor of The Oregon Emerald last year, is news editor of The Eugene (Ore.) Guard.

Leo Burnett (Michigan) has resumed work as advertising manager of the Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit. He was at the Municipal Pier, Chicago, in the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Station.

James Schermerhorn, Jr. (Michigan '18), who went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for training in naval aviation, is now city editor of The Detroit Times, of which his father is editor.

Raymond Clapper (Kansas), who was with the United Press at Chicago and the Associated Press at St. Paul, is back with the U. P., attached to the bureau at the national capital.

G. A. Yetter (Denver) has been discharged from the Army tank corps, after winning a commission as lieutenant.

Wellington Brink (Kansas State), formerly of The Topeka State Capital and The Cleveland Press, is executive assistant in charge of the library and publications at the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, College Station, Tex.

Lucien Kellogg (Washington) returned to the advertising and publicity department of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., at Detroit, following his discharge from the tank corps.

Russell Barnes and **Robert McDonald** (Michigan) joined the editorial staff of The Detroit News following their discharge from service. McDonald was at M. I. T., Cambridge, in the U. S. Naval Aviation Detachment, and Barnes was on the way to Camp Grant, when discharged. Barnes has been made resident correspondent at the University of Michigan.

W. F. Gladney (Louisiana '17) is registrar of Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, but finds time also to run a large printing office.

Lieut. Percy N. Stone (Montana), recently discharged from the Army aviation service, is in New York, where he expects to attach himself to a newspaper.

Prof. Hugh M. Blain (Louisiana honorary), director of courses in journalism at Louisiana State University, is also managing editor of The State-Times of Baton Rouge. When the influenza epidemic smote the city, he took the chair of the editor, who fell ill, handled the advertising, and in general assumed responsibility for the production of the paper.

Andrew Eldred (Washington), who has had his considerable fling at newspaper work in Seattle, Tacoma and Olympia, Wash., Detroit, Mich., and Washington, D. C., has been appointed state director of publicity for the 1919 War Savings Stamp campaign in Michigan. He was on his way back to the national capital, after being discharged from the Aviation Section of the Navy when a wire caught him and diverted him to Detroit.

James Avery Fry (Montana), formerly with The Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle, is now on The Anaconda Standard.

Emmet Riordan (Montana), who left the staff of The Butte Miner to enlist in April, 1917, has returned to the paper and is covering hotels. He was in an officers' training school when the armistice was signed.

R. G. Grassfield (Iowa) acquired possession of The Enid (Okla.) News, Nov. 1, 1918, after spending three years as a commercial club secretary, one and a half in Newton, Ia., and as long in Enid. Grassfield is editing The News, and called to his assistance as news editor **E. W. Edwardson** (Iowa '16), who has spent the last year at Camp Dodge as news editor of The Camp Dodge. They have great dreams of the kind of newspaper a bustling city of 20,000 ought to have.

R. J. Bender, Manager of the United Press Bureau at Washington, D. C., and assigned to accompany President Wilson on his trip to Europe, is an honorary member of Knox chapter, but has not had time since his election to get to Galesburg for his initiation. He is a Knox man.

Dr. R. S. Forsythe, guide and counselor of Western Reserve chapter, has gone to Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., as assistant professor of English. His rank at Reserve was the same.

George A. Ross (Purdue '16) has been in Washington several months, serving the Committee on Public Information as Assistant National Business Manager of the Four Minute Division. His work has

involved the issuing of vast quantities of literature each month. At Purdue Ross edited The Exponent eighteen months, and was on the staff four years. He has been connected with several papers since graduation, and was on The Indianapolis News before going to Washington.

George P. Stone (Montana) was discharged from the infantry at Camp Grant, Ill., and has joined the staff of The Chicago Evening Post. He was formerly on The Missoulian, at Missoula, Mont.

Luther A. Huston (Washington) formerly sporting editor of The Seattle Daily Times, is now Chicago news manager of the International News Service. He left Seattle eighteen months ago.

Laurence Sloan (DePauw) the first national president named by a convention of Sigma Delta Chi, is in the publicity department of the National City Bank, of New York. He went to The New York American after completing graduate studies in the school of journalism at Columbia University; left The American to join the editorial forces of The Tribune, and returned to The American a year or two ago.

Major Louis H. Seagrave (Washington) was discharged from service just before the holidays, and returned to the employ of the Lumbermans Trust Co., of Portland, Ore. He was placed in charge of that firm's Seattle office, 375 Colman Bldg.

Robert Clayton (Ohio) who resigned the national secretaryship of Sigma Delta Chi and went into the infantry at Camp Sheridan, Ala., has been discharged and is back on the staff of The Detroit News. His first assignment was more warlike than his service in the army. He was sent to the scene of the battles between the Michigan guardsmen and the whiskey runners operating between Toledo and Detroit. The soldiery have employed not only guns but armored motor cars against the bootleggers.

Walter K. Towers (Michigan) who is in charge of the Y. M. C. A. publicity forces overseas, is expected to return to the States in the spring.

F. M. Church (Michigan), national treasurer of Sigma Delta Chi, has resigned the state editorship of The Detroit News to go to Cadillac, Mich. He has purchased The Evening News, the only daily newspaper in Cadillac or vicinity. The city has approximately 20,000 population, and is as beautiful as it is thriving. Church has been with The Detroit News since he concluded his graduate studies at Ann Arbor.

Lee A. White (Michigan), editor of The Quill, visited the University of Wisconsin, on invitation of Dr. W. G. Bleyer, and delivered several lectures before journalism students, recently. He also appeared with Dr. Bleyer before the National Council of Teachers of English, in session at Chicago, to discuss the teachings of journalism in high schools. Dr. Bleyer represents the universities on a committee to study this problem, and as chairman of that committee, invited White to represent the newspapers.

Robert Lee Skiles, (Texas) died in Austin, Tex., January 5, shortly after his discharge from service, a victim of the influenza and pneumonia epidemic. He had just been engaged by The San Antonio Express as a member of its legislative staff, and was in Austin preparing for the opening of the legislature's sessions.

News of the Chapters

DePauw

DE PAUW chapter's demonstration of its return to normal activity was evidenced in the early election of members. Four of The DePauw Daily staff—Donald Maxwell, news editor; Edward Donan, business manager; Wilbur Grose, copy editor, and Ray Smith, reporter—are the neophytes.

The Daily was suspended under the regime of the S. A. T. C., but was brought to life by the chapter immediately after demobilization. George Smith was elected editor, but found it necessary to drop the work, Francis Stephenson succeeding him. William Murray, who spent last year in the editorial department of The Huntington (Ind.) Tribune, is managing editor. Maxwell, news editor, named among the pledges, was on the editorial staff of The Indianapolis News last summer, and has worked on other newspapers in the state. Wilfred Smith, formerly sporting editor of The Chattanooga Times, has charge of sports for The Daily. Lozier Funk is circulation manager. David Lilienthal is the only other member in college.

The chapter has decided to publish Alpha's annual, The Yellow Crab, again this year. It is a satirical and humorous publication, aimed particularly at the foibles of the faculty, but not excusing those of the student body.

Paul Neff, Shirley Kriner and James Claypool, all in service, will return to college as soon as they are discharged. Neff is at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Chicago. Kriner is a lieutenant in the Army. Claypool is in the West Indies, on patrol duty with the United States Marines. Donnell Shoffner is now at the University of Michigan.

George Smith is president of the chapter; Stephenson is secretary.

Kansas

The discouragements that piled upon Kansas chapter early in the college year have been largely dissipated, and Fred Rigby, president, promises an active spring term.

The chapter, beginning the year with but four actives, was reduced to two when Herman Hagen and Charles Slawson left the S. A. T. C. for an officers' training camp, shortly before the armistice. When college opened, last year's chapter was widely scattered. Harry Morgan was at Camp Funston in the Medical Corps; Don Davis at Chicago with the Quartermaster Corps; Millard Wear at West Point; Lawson May, president, whom Rigby succeeded in office, in a machine gun camp in Georgia; Milton Peck on The Leavenworth Post; Floyd Hockenbuhl in service, and Wayne Wilson at El Dorado, Kas., as advertising manager of The Republican.

Wilson is the only Kansan whose death in service has been reported to The Quill. He died at Camp Wadsworth, where he was in training in a tank school.

Michigan

Nine members of Michigan chapter are now on the campus, three of whom have lately been discharged from military service. These are Harry Carey, lieutenant in aviation; Bruce I. Millar, who was overseas with an aviation squadron, and H. C. L. Jackson, who was at the time of his release a lieutenant engaged in aerial observation work at Post Field, Okla. C. S. Clark, who was

flying with the Navy's aviators at Key West, Fla., and Milton D. Marx, who entered government service in Washington, D. C., are also expected to return to college this February.

When the university opened in the fall, five members were back: Clarence Roeser, David Landis, Charles Osius, Jr., W. A. Leitzinger and Walter Riess, all juniors. S. A. T. C. and S. N. T. C. work prevented attention to fraternal affairs. Normal activity will be resumed after the examinations are over, February 17.

Donnell Shoffner (DePauw) is now registered in the university and is on the business staff of The Michigan Daily.

The Michigan Union has invited the chapter to take rooms in the new million dollar clubhouse, which has as yet been occupied only by soldiers. The chapter

Directory of Sigma Delta Chi Officers

National President: Capt. Robert C. Lowry, Publicity Officer, Camp Travis, Tex.
National Vice-President: Lieut. Frank E. Mason, 395 Park Place, Milwaukee, Wis.
National Secretary: Kenneth Hogate, The Detroit News, Detroit.
National Treasurer: F. M. Church, 221 Lincoln Ave., Detroit.
Editor The Quill: Lee A. White, 903 Virginia Park, Detroit.
Past National Presidents: William M. Glenn, The Morning Sentinel, Orlando, Fla.; Laurence Sloan, 552 Riverside Drive, New York; S. H. Lewis, The Lynden Tribune, Lynden, Wash.; Roger Steffan, Associated Press, Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER SECRETARIES.

DePauw: Francis M. Stephenson, Delta Upsilon House, Greencastle, Ind.
Kansas: Luther H. Hagen, 1541 Tennessee St., Lawrence, Kan.
Michigan: Charles R. Osius, Jr., 631 Oakland Ave., Ann Arbor.
Denver: Frank H. H. Roberts, 2284 So. Josephine St., Denver, Colo.
Washington: Frank Davies, U. of W. Daily, University of Washington, Seattle.
Purdue: R. S. Bundy, 41 N. Salisbury St., West Lafayette, Ind.
Ohio: William P. Dumont, 1892 N. High St., Columbus, Ohio.
Wisconsin: Bertram G. Zilmer, 1124 Johnson St., Madison, Wis.
Iowa: Keith Hamill, Iowa City.
Illinois: Harold J. Orr, 410 E. Green St., Champaign.
Missouri: Lee Comegys, 1004 University Ave., Columbia, Mo.
Texas: Edward Walker, Box S, University Station Austin, Tex.
Oregon: Douglas Mullarky, Sigma Chi House, Eugene Ore.
Oklahoma: Charles C. Taliaferro 757 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla.
Indiana: Herbert Spencer, Sigma Chi House, Bloomington.
Nebraska: Herman H. Thomas, 345 N. 14th St., Lincoln, Neb.
Iowa State: C. R. Mills, Iowa State Student, Station A, Ames, Iowa.
Stanford: Miller McClintock, 375 Little Kingsley St., Palo Alto, Calif.
Montana: George Scherck, State University, Missoula, Mont.
Louisiana: T. G. Lawrence, Lake Park, Baton Rouge, La.
Kansas State: Carl P. Miller, 1000 Vattier St., Manhattan, Kas.
Maine: Cecil D. MacIlroy (pro tem.), P. O. Box 111, Bridgewater, Maine.
Deloit: Carl Kessler, 1125 Chapin St., Beloit, W. Va.
Minnesota: Address Secretary S. D. C., care of Prof. W. P. Kirkwood, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.
Miami: Leo Crawford, Oxford, O.
Knox: Edmond B. Stofft, 630 N. Broad St., Galesburg, Ill.
Western Reserve: Ralph W. Bell, 10940 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Grinnell: Maynard B. Barnes, Bldg. 2, Men's Quad, Grinnell, Iowa.
Detroit Alumni: F. M. Church, 221 Lincoln Ave., Detroit.
Seattle Alumni: Will Simonds, Seattle Daily Times.

may decide to cling to its old quarters, however. They were located in the Press Building, over the offices of the student publications.

Roeser has been appointed managing editor of The Daily, succeeding Mildred Mighell, war-time editor. He was named for the editorship last spring, but military duties prevented his filling the position. Osius is city editor of The Daily and managing editor of the annual, The Michiganensian. E. S. Everett is editing The Gargoyle, of which publication, as well as the Athletic Program, Riess is business manager. Landis is editing sport news for The Daily. Pledge Vincent Riorden is news editor of The Daily and Pledge Slusser is on the staffs of both The Daily and The Inlander.

Washington

Washington chapter has elected two men, Roy Rosenthal and Frank Davies. Both were candidates for the editorship of The University of Washington Daily, to succeed the present woman editor. Davies won.

Rosenthal, who would have graduated last June but for enlistment in the army, served on The Daily three years, and had worked for The Seattle Post-Intelligencer. While in the army he was connected with The Morning Taps, published last winter in Montana by the 3rd Co., Washington Coast Artillery. After getting out of khaki he re-entered college, and while pursuing his studies in journalism, acted as news editor of The Herald, the University District newspaper.

Davies, who has served in various capacities on The Daily, was a reporter and later telegraph editor of The Spokane Spokesman-Review last summer.

The chapter acted as hosts to the newspaper men of the state in attendance at the annual mid-winter Newspaper Institute, arranging for their entertainment at fraternity houses.

Byron Christian, lately of The Spokesman-Review, is back in college, and with H. Sherman Mitchell and Maize Mitchell, former editors, has returned to the staff of The Daily.

Purdue

Paul T. Motsinger is the only member of Purdue chapter still in active service, which is prophetic of an early return to normal conditions for the fraternity at West Lafayette.

R. S. Bundy, P. E. Reed and H. F. Lafuze, all of whom were in the Central Officers' Training School at Camp Taylor, are back in college. E. M. Wolf has also doffed his khaki, but will not be back this year.

The Purdue Exponent and other college publications, with the exception of The Engineering Review, are again appearing.

The chapter will elect in March, and again in June. Its financial condition will be improved as soon as it can arrange an all-university dance.

Ohio

Ohio State chapter has but two actives, William P. Dumont and Estle D. Leonard, on the campus. Delmar G. Starkey was in college at the beginning of the year but withdrew. As in most universities which are co-educational, women not only have been in the majority in classes but in editorial chairs. With demobilization, men are resuming their activity in connection with The Daily Lan-

tern and other publications. An early election of eligible men will put the chapter on a more active basis.

Secretary Dumont has provided The Quill with a list of Ohioans in service showing fifteen of the chapter in France and twenty-three in the navy or in service in this country, exclusive of the actives. The death of one, Lawrence Yerges, is noted elsewhere in this issue.

Dumont is editor-in-chief of The Daily Lantern.

Wisconsin

Owen L. Scott is the only active member of Wisconsin chapter in college. Of the many who went into service, and were discharged without getting overseas, none had returned to the campus when he wrote, about the middle of January.

With the assistance of Prof. W. G. Bleyer, honorary, six men worthy of the fraternity were pledged. They are: Bertram A. Zilmer, '20, athletic editor of The Cardinal; Edward L. Deuss, '19, managing editor of The Cardinal; Lincoln A. Quarberg, '20, editor-in-chief of The 1920 Badger; Bernard E. Meyers, '20, of The Capitol Times staff; Joseph R. Farrington, '19, desk editor of The Cardinal; John L. Klug, '19, magazine writer and former member of the staff of The Madison Democrat. Nearly all these men have had summer work on newspapers.

Harold Gill will return to college. Paul Craneheld will be back next year. Earl Wallis, who graduated, is working on The State Journal. All are in Madison now.

Scott is acting managing editor of The Cardinal, due to the ineligibility of Deuss.

Semi-monthly meetings of the chapter are planned, not only to discuss matters of interest to journalism students, but to co-ordinate work in the various journalistic activities of the school.

Iowa

Lieut. Ralph E. Overholser, former sporting editor of The Daily Iowan, and Allan Nichols, a member of The Iowan staff last year, are out of the Army and registered in the university again. W. Earl Hall, editor-in-chief of the paper last year, intends to return for graduate work in history, political science and law. He has been a sergeant in the Intelligence Section, 19th Division, at Camp Dodge.

The death of Homer Rolan, in France, is noted elsewhere in this issue.

The chapter is planning a fraternal newspaper dinner to which faculty members and neighboring chapters will be invited.

Dr. C. H. Weller, University Editor, is offering a course in the art of printing and engraving this quarter.

The Fourth Annual Conference of Iowa Newspapermen, in which members of the fraternity participate, could not be held in the fall because of the influenza epidemic, nor in the winter because of conflict with the Des Moines meeting of the state press association, so it has been called off.

Prof. Frank Thayer, W. Keith Hamill, Overholser and Hall assisted in the installation of Grinnell chapter, January 11.

Illinois

Illinois chapter not only kept its head above water during the precarious war period, but actively pushed those things in college life which come within the

scope and purpose of the organization. It faces the second half of the college year with a membership of five, including Herbert Hope, corresponding secretary of Indiana chapter, who transferred to Illinois.

When college opened in the fall the faculty was inclined to frown upon campus journalism, believing the altered student body disinterested. Harold Johnston, president of the chapter, had been elected editor-in-chief of The Illini, succeeding J. H. Collins, and he developed a program to which the faculty dubiously gave assent. With the assistance of a wholly inexperienced business manager, the other two members of the chapter, Stewart Owen and Harold Orr, several women and underclassmen, he succeeded in producing a newspaper. When the S. A. T. C. was demobilized, it was at normal strength.

Christmas holidays past, the chapter, augmented by the return of Robert Drysdale and the arrival of Herbert Hope, turned to other publications. Agitation resulted in permission to resume publication of the annual, The Illio, and Orr became editor-in-chief. Two magazines were brought to life, and student representation on the publications board was restored.

The chapter will hold its Gridiron banquet this spring, as usual, and will pledge a few men.

Missouri

James McClain, secretary of Missouri chapter vice Taylor Harney, who is not in college, pledges an immediate resumption of activity on the part of the chapter. The first "after-the-war" meeting was held in mid-January. William E. Resor is the only member of the chapter he mentions in his letter. Resor will handle Quill copy in the future.

Texas

Three members of Texas chapter were out of the army and in college again in time for an organization meeting, January 13. They are Roy E. Hawk, captain of infantry at Camp Travis, Tex., when discharged; Elmer Luter, aviation cadet at Carruthers Field, Fort Worth, Tex., and Jack Beall, second lieutenant of infantry at the University of California. Four other members, Ed Angly, Gus F. Taylor, J. Turner Garner and F. Edward Walker, were released from student branches of service, and bring the active roll to seven. This number will soon be increased by initiation.

Hawk, who is a senior in the law school, was editor-in-chief of The Texan in 1916-17. Between his discharge and his re-enrollment in college he worked on The San Antonio Express.

Luter, who is now issue editor of The Texan, has been connected with The Austin American, The Austin Statesman, The San Antonio Express, and other leading state papers.

Walker is editor of The Texan, is on The Longhorn Magazine and The Cactus staffs, covers university sports for The Austin American, and corresponds for The Star-Telegram of Fort Worth.

Angly, who is editor of the 1919 Cactus, and has seen service on The Dallas News and other state papers, expects to take a trip to the Far East next summer, corresponding for several papers the while.

Garner is managing editor of The Texan, of whose advisory board Taylor is a member. Beall is editing The Longhorn Magazine, and contributing to several other periodicals.

At least forty Texas Sigma Delta Chis,

who number about fifty, were in service, and 90 per cent received commissions.

The chapter will have charge of the "grind" section of The 1919 Cactus, wherein appear the satirical and humorous thrusts of campus wits. A special number of The Texan, edited by the half dozen newly elected members of the fraternity, will appear as a feature of the initiation.

Oregon

Oregon chapter expects several men back from the front and the cantonments to augment its slender personnel. Only three members were in college during the term just ended. They were Douglas Mul-larky, editor of The Emerald; Leith Abbott, make-up editor of The Emerald and correspondent for The Oregon Journal, of Portland, and Alexander Brown, sporting editor of The Emerald and correspondent for The Portland Oregonian.

Rox Reynolds (Montana) has transferred to the University of Oregon, and will be affiliated with Oregon chapter.

Of last year's chapter, William Haseltine, recently discharged from service, will enter Harvard; Levant Pease, who was enrolled in the S. A. T. C., spent most of the last term in the hospital and is now out of college recuperating. Harry Crain, now on The Eugene Guard, will be of assistance to the chapter, though not in the university.

Nebraska

Eleven active members of Nebraska chapter are enrolled in the university this term. Of these, Gayle Grubb, H. L. Gerhart, Gaylor Davis, Arnold A. Wilken and Howard Murfin, juniors, and Oswald Black, '22, were initiated January 16.

Officers of the chapter are Robert Wenger, president; Leonard Kline, vice-president, and Herman H. Thomas, secretary.

Iowa State

Four members of Iowa State chapter, President F. M. Russell, Z. R. Mills, J. M. Van Houten and Mark Emmel, assisted delegates from the Iowa chapter in the installation of the chapter at Grinnell College, January 11.

Iowa State has proposed for honorary membership Barton W. Currie, Tom C. Stone, W. G. B. Carson and H. W. Vaughn.

Mr. Currie was formerly with The World and The Sun in New York, and is now editor of The Country Gentleman.

Mr. Stone is a graduate of the University of Illinois, a former member of the Ohio State faculty, and is now in the agricultural extension department of Iowa State. He has won distinction for his technical writings, particularly on sheep.

Mr. Carson is a graduate of Columbia, who specialized in English and journalism. He is a member of the English faculty, recently returned from France, where he drove an ambulance.

Mr. Vaughn edited The Lantern at Ohio State when a student there. He is the author of the widely used text, Types and Market Classes of Livestock, and is a contributor to The Breeders' Gazette, Iowa Homestead, Wallace's Farmer and other agricultural publications.

Stanford

Miller McClintock has been the only member of Stanford chapter in college, but he expects shortly to be joined by several of the returning soldiers. He has proposed for honorary membership Robert Duffus, a graduate of the university, who is now an editorial writer on the San Francisco Call, and instructor in journalism. Mr. Duffus was with Fremont Old-

er on The Bulletin before he bolted from the Crothers organization, and contributed an article to The Quill last year.

Montana

Montana chapter has, thus far, won back few of the men who were called to war.

George (Gus) Scherck, who enlisted with the fliers in 1917 and received a commission as second lieutenant, is back on the campus to continue his work in journalism. This gain is offset by the loss of Rox Reynolds, a leader in Sigma Delta Chi, who left the impression at Missoula that he was going to enter the department of journalism at the University of Washington in Seattle, but who landed at the University of Oregon instead.

C. K. Streit and A. G. Swaney are still in France, the former with the intelligence service and the latter with the infantry, in which branch he was commissioned first lieutenant.

Scherck left the university in April, 1917, to enlist for air service. He was at Hoboken, N. J., awaiting orders to sail to France when the armistice was signed.

Louisiana

Louisiana chapter, last heard from just prior to the holidays, had but four members in school: W. B. Myrick, '20; D. J. Sanchez, '18; J. W. Koonce, '19, and T. G. Lawrence, '19.

Myrick is on the staff of The Reveille, "The South's greatest college weekly," of which Lawrence is editor and business manager, and Koonce assistant editor and manager. Sanchez was married to Miss Annie Sternberger last summer, but is back studying law. Koonce left college for an officers' training camp early in the fall, but returned to college. Lawrence is president of the senior class and student assistant in journalism.

The death of Lieut. D. J. Ewing in action is noted elsewhere in this issue, as are the service records of other Louisiana men.

Kansas State

Kansas State expected to resume normal activity in January, with the return of Bruce P. Brewer, president, who has been discharged from service, and will be in college the remainder of the year. Carl P. Miller is secretary of the chapter.

Maine

Maine chapter has been non-existent, so far as active members were concerned, since the United States entered the war. The entire department of journalism roster was wiped out, save for one girl student, and not a Sigma Delta Chi was left in college. Whether it will be possible to reconstruct the chapter is a matter for careful investigation. An alumnus sends the following notes, with apologies for any inaccuracies, which are blameable upon his detachment from Maine men. He suggests that other alumni of the chapter also send in news to The Quill.

Lieut. F. Owen Stephens, '17, has been on active duty in the line in France for about a year and has been quite severely gassed. He is recovering, however, and it is understood that he plans to remain in the army, having been commissioned in the regular army.

John P. Ramsay, '18, was called into service in August, 1918, and is now connected with the quartermaster department at Camp Devens, Mass. Previous to entering the army he was on the city staff of the Portland (Maine) Evening Express.

Lieut. John M. O'Connell, '18, went overseas with the 56th Pioneer Infantry, which was formerly the Milliken Regiment, Heavy Field Artillery, a "Maine-

raised" unit. Lieut. O'Connell was elected to his commission by popular vote when his battery was recruited and went with it to Camp Wadsworth, S. C., after camping at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine; Westfield, Mass., and Camp Greene, N. C. He was formerly a member of The Bangor Commercial staff.

Ensign John H. McGee, '17, was commissioned at Annapolis in the fall of 1917 and has been on active duty since that time.

Linwood T. Pitman, '17, formerly telegraph editor of the Portland Evening Express and later on the city staff, was inducted into the quartermaster corps in June, 1918, and went to Camp Johnston, Fla. He was honorably discharged in December.

Cecil D. MacIlroy, '18, has been principal of the high school in Bridgewater, Maine, since leaving the university.

Lieut. Weston B. Haskell, '17, has been in France some months. He received his commission at Plattsburg, and shortly afterwards was married to Miss Pauline Derby, Maine, 1918.

Lieut. Fred Curtis, '16, was commissioned at Camp Devens, Mass., in May, 1918.

Lieut. William E. Nash, '17, was among the first of the men commissioned at Plattsburg in the early summer of 1917 to go overseas, and has seen much action in the line.

Stephen P. Danforth, '15, is employed at the Havana, Cuba, branch of the National City Bank of New York.

J. Edward Doyle, '15, when last heard from was acting city editor of The Manila, P. I., Cable News.

Minnesota

"Not dead, but merely sleeping," Prof. W. P. Kirkwood writes regarding Minnesota chapter. Some of the members are returning from military service, and the chapter will soon be reorganized and active. Heavy enrollment in reporting classes gives assurance of continued growth of the department of journalism, and abundant material for membership. The faculty is positive the chapter will not fall down.

Miami

With the resumption of peacetime activities at Miami University, five members of Sigma Delta Chi were on the campus: Stanlie McKie, George Ballinger and Leo Crawford, seniors; Gordon Crocraft, graduate member, and Dr. A. H. Unham, of the faculty.

The chapter has pledged eight men: Alvin C. Zurcher and Clarence Kreger, seniors; Hosmer Grosvenor, Edmond Avres and H. Wilson Smith, juniors; and Joseph Garretson, Jr., Barkley Schroeder and Charters Maple, sophomores. The date of the initiation has not yet been announced.

Leo Crawford is secretary of the chapter.

Knox

Knox chapter, now three years old, sent sixteen of its nineteen initiated members into service, five as commissioned officers. Five returned to college in the fall as members of the S. A. T. C.

Madison Sterne began the year as editor-in-chief of The Knox Student, but was forced to give up the work because of his military duties, a woman student assuming his office. He expects to complete his term as editor next year. The annual, The Gale, is also being edited by women.

Women students of journalism are contemplating the organization of a local society which will ultimately seek a charter from Theta Sigma Phi, and Sigma Delta Chi is giving them what help it can.

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